

The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, 40 Park Row, New York.
MAILING LIST: President, 40 Park Row, New York; Treasurer, 40 Park Row, New York; Secretary, 40 Park Row, New York.
Entered at the Post Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.
Subscriptions: Single Copies, 10 Cents; For Sale by the Issue and by the Month.
One Year, \$1.00; Six Months, \$0.60; Three Months, \$0.35.
VOLUME 36 NO. 19,796

FOR ENGLAND TO EXPLAIN.

GREAT BRITAIN continues her high-handed attempts to censor American shipping by seizing American ships.
To the American tank steamer Llano, run aground off the coast of Scotland last Sunday, the British sea patrol adds as prizes the Hocking and the Hamborn, both steamships operated as carriers under the flag and laws of the United States. The Hocking was seized while on her way from this port to Norfolk to take on a cargo of coal for the Argentine. The Hamborn, according to her owners, an old, established line, was bound for Cuba to bring back a cargo of bananas.

Whatever the origin and earlier ownership of these vessels, what right has the British Admiralty to say that they shall not trade on the American coast, under the American flag, chartered by companies doing business in compliance with American laws? What difference does it make whether stockholders of those companies are Germans or Patagonians so long as the ships are legitimately operated, carry no war munitions or contraband of any sort, and run to no blockaded ports?

The suspicion that British cruisers are hanging about this and other American ports ready to pounce upon any American merchant vessel in which German dollars are believed to be invested is likely to prove highly irritating to American tempers.

Such a policy would be not only a wrong to this nation but an extremely foolish mistake on the part of the British Admiralty. This whole matter of blacklisting and confiscating American vessels regardless of cargo can not be threshed out too soon or too thoroughly.

POLICE STUDYING STREET ACCIDENTS

AUTOMOBILES killed forty-three persons in the streets of the city last month. Twenty-seven of the victims were children. The total shows an increase of eighteen over the record for the same month last year. As might be expected, the biggest part of the increase appears in the borough of Manhattan.

So accustomed has the public become to progressive frequency of motor car killings that even an average of nearly two for every working day will startle it only for the moment. What is the end to be?

The Police Department has recently undertaken a special study of street accidents "with a view of devising an intelligent method of reducing, or at least checking, the rapidly increasing number of fatalities and injuries."

Careful analysis of the records for last August lead the Department experts to several conclusions, the most important of which, as set forth in the Police Bulletin, appear to be: (1) That children, especially young children, pay a disproportionately heavy toll in killed and injured; (2) that by far the greater number of street accidents occur between the hours of 5 and 7 P. M., and, therefore (3) that every practicable effort should be made to keep children out of the streets during the late hours of the afternoon, especially from 5 to 7 in the evening.

This rather obvious advice is in line with the general purpose of the investigation, which seems to be to demonstrate that in the majority of vehicular accidents the blame must be placed upon some fault or incapacity in the injured person. Under incapacity are included "illness," "blindness," "deafness," "crippled condition" and "working in the street."

So far the police investigators find nothing notably amiss with traffic regulation, the supervision of crossings, the system of licensing anybody that comes along to drive a powerfully propelled vehicle capable of doing incalculable damage, or the failure adequately to punish licensed drivers who take chances of killing pedestrians in crowded streets.

As the investigation proceeds no doubt it will deal more thoroughly with this side of the case. The average New Yorker who has to find his way about on foot will be glad to learn that the Police Department has its eye on the dangers that threaten him, even though so far it can only recommend him to look out.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

Father says that when a man laughs at his wife's jokes it is proof that the honeymoon is still on.
Just for a change, try sometimes to gossip about yourselves instead of about your neighbors—Macon News.
You may brush them, you may prove them, you may clean them if you will, but the odor of the moth ball hangs around them still.
Instead of acknowledging his utter dependence, man foolishly tries to make his stomach jump through a hoop.
The rooster can give the man pointers as to the proper time to stop crowing—Philadelphia Telegraph.
If in doubt between the attic and the cellar, clean out both—Sioux City Journal.

Letters From the People

One Mother-in-Law.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
What do readers think of this true account of a man and his wife and his mother? The son promised to take care of his mother as long as she lives, as she has been a good mother to him and spends most of her money on him. But the son's wife is always nagging at her husband, saying she wants her own home. She knows that he is not in a position to find a home at present, and it makes him and his mother very unhappy. This wife has nothing to complain of; she can do as she likes. His mother wants her to run the house, but she will not do it unless she is alone. The mother is in poor health. The son thinks his mother ought to turn all her household goods over to

him, which she probably would do if it was not for her unmarried daughter. The mother and daughter may want to keep house together some day. Readers, don't you think the wife, if she loves her husband, ought to be satisfied?
PERPLEXED.

The Overload

By J. H. Cassel



Finery That Proves Fatal

By Sophie Irene Loeb

BECAUSE she "wanted to make her own way in the world," a young woman of nineteen, arrayed in finery, found herself before a Magistrate and pleaded theft on the forenoon. And now what has all this finery brought her? Nothing but sorrow and shame, and unhappiness. For a few flimsy spangles she has sacrificed her self-respect and peace of mind; and she now has to start to live down all that she built up on perishable plumage that was not "coming to her."

Of course youth is on her side and the world is charitable—contrary to the cynic. This girl can so act now as to make amends for her mistake and go on. But it is a great big example for the girl who longs for the glow-gaws that bring her but a temporary glow; that have little of the real golden qualities that last.

On the other hand I know a young woman, who is the sole support of her mother and sister and had been the head of the family since she was seventeen years old. She is the most attractive girl of my acquaintance. She has more friends and more attention than many a society butterfly with money bags. She is welcomed everywhere. The reason of this is that she RADIATES HAPPINESS. The secret of her success is that she has adopted the pay-as-you-go policy and she never "goes" unless she can pay for her weekly envelope and not from loans which later become liens that sap the very strength of life.

She takes the trouble to find things that fit her income. When she sees a woman with wonderful Russian sables come out of a beautiful automobile and enter a gay restaurant, she does not say, "I must have that kind of sable," but "I will be satisfied with what I have."

She takes the trouble to find things that fit her income. When she sees a woman with wonderful Russian sables come out of a beautiful automobile and enter a gay restaurant, she does not say, "I must have that kind of sable," but "I will be satisfied with what I have."

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

"NOW, don't go out to-night, please," remarked Mrs. Jarr, the remarks being worded like a request, but accentuated as a command.
Mr. Jarr paused guiltily in the doorway, and Mrs. Jarr explained the reasons for the request that sounded as a command.
"Maude Hooker is coming here to-night. You know she is just a bride and needs a lot of good advice from some one of experience."

"I don't want to give her any advice," grumbled Mr. Jarr. "Let her find out—that is if you mean ME. If you mean that YOU intend to advise the bride, why should I stand by and be embarrassed? Let me pass!"

"Nobody is asking you to advise them," replied Mrs. Jarr, "and you won't be embarrassed by standing by. But Maude is going to bring her husband with her. He wants you to look at a moving picture play he has written and tell him what you think of it."

"I ain't here often now, so far as I know," replied Mr. Jarr. "A little greasy, yes, because I just rushed away from the supper table. But only I deny it!"
"Oh, I don't mean oily mitt oil," explained Elmer, who spoke the pure New Yorkese perfectly. "But I mean you are oily by the clock."

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Jarr. "Yes, I am early, but you'd be early too if somebody was coming to your house to read a photoplay scenario to you."

Elmer flushed a guilty crimson.
"I bin taking lessons how to write scenarios, too," he confessed. "I seen an advertisement where it said no education nor anything was necessary and you could write them moving pictures in your spare time and you could get a hundred dollars apiece for them, so I sent a dollar to learn all about it, and now I know."
"Why don't the people who advertise to teach for one dollar write photoplays at a hundred dollars apiece in THEIR spare time?" asked Mr. Jarr.
Elmer didn't know, but feebly inquired if Mr. Jarr would not like to look at his manuscript.
Mr. Jarr gazed at the sheet of foolscap, smudged and written all awry in faded ink.
"Heim!" he remarked finally. "It's written in German, isn't it?"
"Sure," said Elmer. "That's where it will be a big novelty. I bin to see a lot of them movies and there ain't any of them in German, and there's a whole lot of people in this country what are German."

The Dower of Beauty

By Marie Montaigne

Copyright, 1915, by the Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).
To Fill Up Hollows in Your Neck.

ONE beautiful and plump actress told me that whenever she saw the beginning of a hollow in her neck she promptly applied pure olive oil every night, rubbing and patting it in. In three nights, she says, the hollow would practically disappear. A very fair skin cannot always stand olive oil, which has a tendency to darken the complexion, if too freely used. A little benzoin in it will offset this difficulty. But too much benzoin is not good for the complexion. It is all too freely used in so-called "beauty" unguents because of its bleaching properties.
Get a good cold cream, or skin food, or pure Italian olive oil. Rub any one of these into your neck profusely, massaging gently in a circular motion or patting smartly, but softly, or doing a bit of gentle kneading with the knuckles. Be gentle with the skin, for the texture is easily injured and its support (the fatty tissue underlying it) is easily rubbed loose from its moorings and the skin left to wrinkle and sag.
After rubbing in the cream—even cow's cream is splendid, and will fill out hollows in a few nights—slap in the cream with the ends of your fingers. The slapping brings the blood to the spot that requires its rejuvenating assistance, and the blood brings with it fulness and stumpsness and a wholesome glow of health. Circulation is needed for every part of the body. And gentle, smart slapping is an admirable thing for the face and neck.

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

By Helen Rowland

HOW long, oh my daughter, wilt thou continue to delight in thy CLEVERNESS, and to say of a man:
"I am WISE to him!"
For, behold, in my youth, I, too, was puffed up with vanity-of-wit, and much conceit concerning my wisdom; but, now that I am a MARRIED Woman, I am filled with humility.
Lo, I awaited my Beloved, far into the evening, while the roast grew cold and the cook grew "warm"; but when I admonished him saying: "Alas, thou art an whole HOUR late, and the dinner is ruined."
He reproved me gently, and answered softly, saying:
"Nay, nay, Little One, thou art filled with hallucinations, and thy clocks are ALL wrong! For I am NEVER more than ten minutes late."
Behold, I kissed my Beloved, and his breath was sweet with cloves, and aromatic with mint and with joy-water.
But, when I accused him, he smote me with scorn and reproach, saying:
"Aha! Who is this, that thinketh herself a little Sherlock? Verily, thou art filled with false suspicions! For cannot a man eat cloves, even as I, because I LIKE them?"
I laid my head upon my Beloved's shoulder, and it was fragrant with ran de violette and white with poudre de riz.
But when I wept, he mocked me with laughter, saying:
"Go to, thou dreamst! Alas, thine IMAGINATION is more off-color than a Cubist's. For the things which thou seest are NOT there!"
I called my Beloved, at sunrise, crying:
"Awake, awake! For the coffee beth, and thou hast bidden me to summon thee at the hour of seven."
But, my Beloved turned from me, and berated me, saying:
"Nay, nay, thou art wrong-in-the-ears! For, seven is an ungodly hour; therefore, I MUST have said 'eight.'"
Verily, verily, if my Beloved speaketh the truth, I am indeed a DOODLEWIT; for I am blind and deaf, and hard-of-understanding.
Yes, I am non compos mentis, and my name should be "Slow-in-the-Head."
Yet, am I comforted and of good cheer.
For, lo, if an husband had his way, NO wife would be credited with ALL her faculties.
Therefore, I charge thee, oh thou Married Woman, put thy faith in thy Beloved, and, if thou wouldst dwell happily in the House of Matrimony, BELIEVE him utterly—even when thou knowest that he is prevaricating! For that which may be a "Lie" when told to a man is only "Diplomacy" when told to a woman.
And it is better to be a Doodlewit and live happily than to be a Cynic and live alone!
Selah.

Dollars and Sense

By H. J. Barrett.

How a Manufacturer Cut His Coal Bills.
Copyright, 1915, by the Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).
"MR. BOYD, I believe," the scene was the office of the President of the Boyd-Stephens Manufacturing Company's plant. "My name is Holland. Steam engineering is my profession. I understand that you spend about \$25,000 a year for fuel."
"Yes," admitted Boyd, surveying the caller with interest.
"If a few slight changes in your furnaces would result in an annual saving on coal of at least \$5,000, would you be inclined to make them?"
"Naturally," was the quick reply.
"But I note that you use the word 'bill.'"
"Well, Mr. Boyd, I can save you just about 20 per cent. of your fuel bill."
It was in the Boyd-Stephens plant two weeks later.
"Look at this, Mr. Boyd, my first sample of fuel gas showed over 5 per cent. carbon dioxide," said Holland. "That meant over 800 per cent. excess air. Your excess air is a phibian. It's been trying to heat all out-of-doors. Three hundred per cent. excess air means nearly 25 per cent. fuel was wasted. The draft figured to tens and fiftieths of an inch of water."
"We tried every conceivable combination of the last two factors and, as the chart indicates, the lowest percentage of CO₂ or carbon dioxide, was present with a fuel bed eight inches thick and a draft of 0.75 inch. Two much draft has been your chief trouble. A good deal of the excess air seeped in through the bricks of the furnace walls. A brick is highly porous. But our coat of stucco followed by paint has remedied that difficulty."
"Now you begin to see how scientific tests recently applied in the United States navy have saved the Government over \$2,000,000 annually. My next step will be to discover the proper size of boiler and chimney. The sooner, the better," exclaimed Boyd. "You've shown me where I've been throwing away over \$5,000 a year. Maybe before you get through you'll make my coal bill a minus quantity and I'll begin to get back some of the money I've burned."

Wit, Wisdom and Philosophy

By Famous Authors

ON PRIDE, by Joseph Warton.
IF we are candidates for tranquility, the best thing on this side of the grave and which at the same time leads us by the smoothest road to celestial happiness, the first step should be to uproot the pride which opposes and excludes it.
Pride is the great source from which almost every other species of guilt flows.
Sickness, pain, fear, want and impotence have already been deemed the most productive of disorder in the soul and which cannot be said to derive from the origin of pride, for it can hardly be said that a person is proud of a disease or cowardice of indigence, though it has been observed that some had the presumptuous folly to glory in being a drunkard or a glutton.
It may be said in defense of Pride that her first born was ambition, brought to light in the days of Adam and ever since, whether clad in a red coat and armed with a scimitar, or firebrand or in the more genteel habit of a statesman, courtier, beau, lawyer or divine, still continues the kindred in every feature and action. It is not very material in what order the subsequent issues were produced. But that envy, hatred, malice, literary or mechanical—but desires to have the effort praised.
Just then they heard a deep breathing behind them—a sort of deep interest. It was Gus, the cafe proprietor, who had come down into the bar from his living quarters upstairs, in his old and silent slippers.
Elmer gave a wheeze of fear and jerked away from the first fruits of his authorship. He expected nothing short of assassination first and losing his position later. Mr. Jarr endeavored to soften the impending blow.
"It's a moving picture scenario," Elmer dashed off in his spare time," said Mr. Jarr.
"Let me see," said Gus. "By God, there ain't no money in the retail liquor business any more, and I think I'll sell out, and me and Elmer will write their moving pictures. I will be the boss, just like now, and Elmer can be my bartender at it."
At this instant Mr. Slavinsky, the glazier, and Bepler, the butcher, drifted in. They both gave a glance at Elmer's manuscript and declared it would be a screen success.
"I'll join all of you how to write them in your spare time," said Elmer in a patronizing manner.
"I have no spare time," remarked Mr. Jarr. "I have to go home and read a scenario written by the husband of one of my wife's friends." And he hurried away.